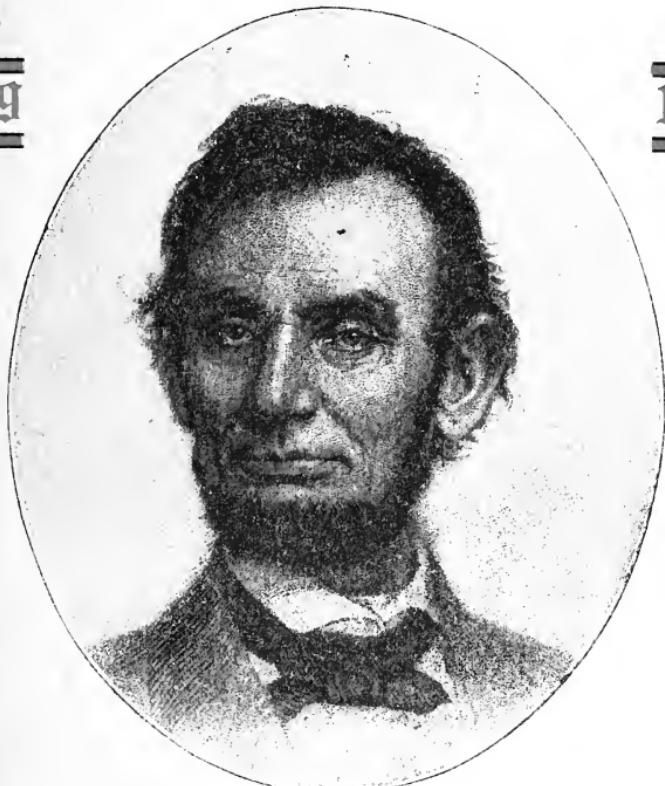


Abraham Lincoln Centenary

1809

1909



Lincoln

Lincoln

ISSUED BY THE
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Luther's Judgment Hymn.

O Thou of soul and sense and breath,
The ever-present giver
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh dost thou deliver ;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest Lord forever !

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
The Patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender ;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation !
O let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our Nation !

Be thou our orphaned Israel's friend.
Forsake thy people never,
In One our broken Many blend ;
That none again may sever !
Hear us O Father while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Lincoln.

Born February 12th, 1809.

By J. L. H. in the "Outlook."

Fate struck the hour!

A crisis hour of Time.

The tocsin of the people clang ing forth
Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North
Called for a leader, master of his kind,
Fearless and firm, with a clear foreseeing mind;
Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn,
Who in the depth of night could ken the morn;

Wielding a giant power

Humbly, with faith sublime.

God knew the man His sovereign grace had sealed;
God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed.

The Lincoln Centennial.

The coming anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will be one of peculiar significance, in that it marks the completion of a century. Everywhere over this land of ours, this "home of the brave and the free," in Northland and Southland, from Atlantic to Pacific, on this day, a patriotic people will pause in their usual routine to contemplate the life, work and influence of him of whom Lowell sang, "New birth of our new soil the first American."

It is needless for the department to urge the proper observance of this day in North Dakota. There will be a spontaneous outburst of patriotic fervor which will demonstrate that in the state whose territorial government was established by President Lincoln, his name and memory are ever increasing sources of inspiration to better and nobler manhood and to higher and truer citizenship. We do hope that on February 12th, 1909, in every school house in the state the children will be gathered with their teachers and parents for the purpose of spending, at least, the afternoon of that day in contemplation of the true greatness of Lincoln and that all will drink deeply from this fountain of unselfish devotion to duty.

Lincoln was truly great. One can dwell indefinitely upon his life and still find some new quality which singles him out from the throng of notable men who have helped make American History, and makes him the only really great American of his century. His origin was the humblest of the humble. He was schooled in adversity. His education, though limited to a year's time, as far as school was concerned, was broad and thorough. He had learned to read and possessed that passion for reading which is resistless. It is said that three books would make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone's Commentaries. Fortunately, these with several more were within his reach and thus he educated himself. Few men have possessed such a command of pure, simple English as Abraham Lincoln. We commend the sources of Lincoln's education to the youth of North Dakota.

His career, in the state of his adoption, Illinois, is marked by continued growth in strength of character and by the widening of his influence, until 1858, when he crossed swords with Stephen A. Douglas in a struggle for a seat in the United States Senate. In his Springfield speech, June, 1858, while discussing the issue of the contest with Douglas he sounded the keynote of his career when he said: "The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail, if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes may delay it, but sooner or later, the victory is sure to come." At the close of that contest, though defeated for senator, he was a national character.

As president from 1861 to 1865, those four awful years when the best blood of the nation was being poured out in a crimson stream, Lincoln towered above the men about him, the most heroic figure of the time. His infinite patience, his gentleness of heart, his singular wisdom, his rare sagacity, his unfailing good nature and his sublime faith in the ultimate success of his cause; these qualities in him alone inspired the confidence and love of the Northland, and the respect and admiration of the Southland. Lincoln saved the Union. His death was the last, greatest sacrifice.

Let us repeat his words so expressive of his spirit: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and for his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Let us be thankful to Almighty God that he gave us when he did, Abraham Lincoln. Let us resolve, from the contemplation of such a life, to live more worthily and strive more earnestly to merit the privileges of American citizenship.

W. L. STOCKWELL,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Chronological List of Events in the Life of Abraham Lincoln.

Born in a log cabin near Hogdenville, now Larue County, Ky.—
Feb. 12th, 1809.

His father moves with his family into the wilderness near Gentryville, Ind.—1816.

His mother dies at the age of 35—1818.

His father's second marriage—1819.

Walks nine miles a day going to and returning from school—1826.

Makes a trip to New Orleans and back at work on a flat boat—1828.

Drives in on an ox cart with his father and step-mother to a clearing on the Sangamon River, near Decatur, Ill.—1829.

Splits rails to surround the clearing with a fence—1829.

Makes another flat boat trip to New Orleans and back, on which trip he first sees negroes shackled together in chains and forms his opinion concerning slavery—May, 1831.

Begins work in a store at New Salem, Ill.—August, 1831.

Enlists in the Black Hawk war; elected captain of volunteers.—1832.

Announces himself a Whig candidate for the Legislature and is defeated—1832.

Storekeeper, postmaster and surveyor—1833.

Elected to the Illinois Legislature—1834.

Re-elected to the Legislature—1835 to 1842.

Studies law at Springfield—1837.

Is a Presidential Elector on the Whig National ticket—1840.

Marries Mary Todd—November 4th, 1842.

Canvasses Illinois for Henry Clay—1844.

Elected to Congress—1846.

Supports General Taylor for President—1848.

Engages in law practice—1849-1854.

Debates with Douglas at Peoria and Springfield—1855.

Aids in organizing the Republican party—1855-1856.

Joint debates in Illinois with Stephen A. Douglas—1858.

Makes political speeches in Iowa—1859.

Visits New York and speaks at Cooper Union—February, 1860.

Attends republican state convention at Decatur, declared to be the choice of Illinois for the Presidency—May, 1860.

Nominated at Chicago as the Republican candidate for President—May 16th, 1860.

Elected President over Stephen A. Douglas, J. C. Breckenridge and John Bell—November, 1860.

Inaugurated President—March 4th, 1861.

Issues first order for troops to put down the rebellion—April 15, 1861.
Urges McClellan to advance—April, 1862.
Appeals for the support of the border states for the Union cause—March to July, 1862.
Calls for 300,000 more troops—July, 1862.
Issues Emancipation Proclamation—Jan. 1st, 1863.
Thanks Grant for capture of Vicksburg—July, 1863.
His address at Gettysburg—Nov. 19th, 1863.
Calls for 500,000 volunteers—July, 1864.
Re-nominated and re-elected President—1864.
Thanks Sherman for the capture of Atlanta—September, 1864.
His second inauguration—March 4th, 1865.
Assassinated—April 14th, 1865.

Education of Lincoln.

As he had prepared himself by specific and long-continued courses of training in the habit of clear thinking and of convincing expression, so he prepared himself, by alertness of mind, by receptivity of spirit, by constant investigation and meditation, not only to share in the government, but eventually to be the government. As he rose the horizon about him continually widened. First an ignorant boy on the old frontier, later a provincial lawyer, then the legislator for a state, then the representative of a section; elected President by a great division of the country, he became finally the chief magistrate of the whole nation, and it is one of his supreme claims upon the admiration of the world that, while the household over which he ruled was rent by division, to him it was to the very end an unbroken family, and in the bitterest and fiercest of civil wars he was as free from sectional hate, from the narrowness of partisanship, from the political bigotry of his time, as is the peak of a mountain range upon which the light falls undimmed and splendid, when all the lowlands are enveloped in the mist. The man who had this capacity for growth, who left the old frontier behind him, who outgrew Sangamon county, who was larger than Illinois, who was greater than the north, who was commensurate in his genius and his spirit with the nation, was not machine-made. The mechanical processes which helped in his advancement seemed never to touch his spirit. A politician of remarkable shrewdness, he was a statesman by instinct, by conviction, and by training, and he stood out at the end as the first National man, emancipated from sectionalism, a generation in advance of his time, a prophet no less than a President.—*Hamilton W. Mabie's Speech at Lincoln Dinner, New York.*
Published in the Outlook.

Lincoln.

The hour was on us; where the man?
The fateful sands unfaltering ran,
 And up the ways of tears,
 He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain. Forth he came
As one that answers to his name;
 Nor dreamed how high his charge,
 His work how fair and large—

To set the stones back in the wall
Lest the divided house should fall,
 And peace from men depart,
 Hope and the child-like heart.

We looked on him; " 'Tis he," we said,
"Come crownless and unheralded,
 The shepherd who will keep
 The flocks, will fold the sheep."

 * * * * * *

The need comes not without the man;
The prescient hours unceasing ran,
 And up the way of tears
 He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook
The spear into the pruning hook,
 The simple, kindly man,
 Lincoln, American.

—JOHN VANCE CHENEY.
The Independent, February 8th, 1900.

Farewell Words in Springfield, 1861.

My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried.

I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commanding you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me. I bid you an affectionate farewell.

First Inaugural, March 4th, 1861.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

* * * * *

Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands my dissatisfied countrymen and not in mine is the momentous issue of the civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I still have a most solemn one to "Preserve, protect and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends, we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by better angels of our nature.

Lincoln's Religion.

Lincoln's religion was peculiarly his own. He did not belong to any church but he had a firm faith and belief in God. In the campaign of 1860 he was greatly pained by the canvass of the voters in Springfield which showed that of the twenty clergymen in the city, all but three were against him. In speaking of this to Hon. Newton Bateman, then State Superintendent of Schools in Illinois, Lincoln said:

"I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know His hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same thing; and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares and humanity cares, and I care, and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

Letter to Mrs. Bixby.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM:—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln.

As seen by men of other countries.

This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and of the world as an incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself.—*Henri Martin, France.*

The humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history.—*Emilio Castelar, Spain.*

Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy.—*Quoted from an Austrian Deputy by John Hay.*

Lincoln—the Honest Man; abolished slavery, re-established the Union; saved the Republic, without veiling the statute of Liberty.—*Inscription on gold medal presented by the French people.*

Lincoln, martyr to the broad principle which he represented in power and struggle, belongs now to history and to prosperity. Like Washington, whose idea he continued, his name will be inseparable from the memorable epochs to which he is bound and which he expresses.—*Senor Rebello di Silva, Portugal.*

In four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people of his time; the true representative of this continent—father of this country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.—*Emerson, Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865.*

He was warm hearted; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, “With malice toward none, with charity for all.” In bodily form he was above the average and so in intellect; the two were in symmetry. Not highly cultivated, he had a native genius far above the average of his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness.—*Alexander H. Stephens, Feb. 12th, 1878.*

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death as one of the greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century.

* * * * *

His fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills.—*John Hay.*

Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the slaves is the best known foreign document to the operatives of Lancashire. Many a boy and girl can repeat it off hand. I remember the Government inspector of schools addressing our school of twelve hundred schol-

ars once, and he asked the question: Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England? and a hundred voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln."—*James E. Holden in the Outlook.*

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience.—*Emerson.*

The greatest man of Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the time.—*Gen. Longstreet.*

To him, under God, more than to any other person are we indebted for the successful vindication of the Union and the maintenance of the power of the Republic.—*Gideon Welles.*

The power which his patent honesty of character and life exercised upon this nation, has been one of the most remarkable features of the history of time. The complete, earnest, immovable faith which we have trusted his motives has been without a precedent.—*J. G. Holland, Springfield, Mass., April 19th, 1865.*

Dead, he speaks to me who now willingly hear that before they refused to listen to. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with a zeal the whole country which he loved so well.—*Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, April 16th, 1865.*

In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness.—*Phillips Brooks, Philadelphia.*

In all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single hearted in his devotion to his people.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

The "Shepherd of the People"! that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm clear trustfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was his. He showed us how to love the truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. Best of all he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion, the love and fear of God just in the shape we need them most.—*Phillips Brooks, Philadelphia.*

Lincoln's magnanimity, patience, forgetfulness of self, and saving grace and sanity of humor made him a man apart.

* * * * *

He was the prophet of a future now happily become a living present.

* * * * *

The President of a section by passing disintegration, Lincoln was always in spirit the Chief Magistrate of a Nation. Among men of sectional training and instinct and policy he was a man of National feeling and policy. Around this figure, now that old passions are dead, the men who opposed him can gather with men who sustained him as about a common leader, as he is neither of the North nor of the South, but of the country—"The First American."—*Outlook, Jan. 27th, 1906.*

Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness combined with goodness, than any other.—*Gen. Sherman.*

He wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature.—*Carl Schurz.*

A Tribute to Lincoln.

From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature reared him.
And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;
Few were his joys and many and terrible his trials,
But grandly he met them as only true great souls can!
Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—
Thou who did'st suffer agony e'en for the slave,
Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher!
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

—PAUL DEVERE.

Abraham Lincoln.

Safe in fame's gallery through all the years,
Our dearest picture hangs your steadfast face,
Whose eyes hold all the pathos of the race
Redeemed by you from servitude's sad tears.

MARY LIVINGSTONE BURDICK
in Lippincott's.

Address at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"It's a wonderful speech. There's nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such, today may call himself, not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death, without malice, with charity—it lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth dying for. They are beautiful, broad words and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies."—*Comment on Gettysburg Speech in the Perfect Tribute by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.*

Lincoln.

Here was a noble product of the soil
 Grown starkly on the prairies of the West;
 Inured to poverty; inured to toil;
 The chivalry of Bayard in his breast;
 A soul serene that ever onward pressed,
 Beyond the darts of calumny and hate;
 That stood in every crisis fierce the test,
 Till earth had linked his memory with her great,
 As Statesman, President, and Master of his fate.
 He pierced the aeons with a Prophet's eye.
 Humanity was what he spelt in creed;
 He passed the letter of the statute by,
 To give the letter of it utmost heed.
 His life was open, both in word and deed,
 From prejudice and passion wholly free;
 Of liberty he sowed a pregnant seed
 For millions, and for millions yet to be,
 Himself the bondman's Knight of Nature's sole degree.
 A Tribune of the people, so he sprang
 And seized the reins of power and high place,
 While through the world his challenge grandly rang.
 And shook Oppression's temple to its base.
 His was the mettle of heroic race,
 On whom the seal of sterling merit sat;
 The sunken cheeks, the shrewd and homely face.
 That shallowed wits had launched their arrows at—
 Rail-splitter, Orator, and Greatest Democrat.
 Along the wide horizon of the years,
 A deep, sonorous echo of his name
 Rolls, thunder-like; and future History hears
 An answering echo from the Halls of Fame.
 We see the tall, the gaunt, ungainly frame;
 We mark the will to dare, the mind to plan;
 We find the pure resolve, the lofty aim;
 And while his rugged virtues thus we scan,
 We stand uncovered, while we cry, "This was a man"!
 And upward to the portals of the stars,
 And past the confines of the Seven Seas,
 Beyond the smoky banners of our wars,
 Borne outward on the pinions of the breeze.
 His fame is sung in divers master keys,
 And shrined in bronze, or heralded in Rhyme,
 Past mountain tops, and past the Pleiades,
 Far-sent, far-sounding, still with notes sublime,
 Loud-bugged by the mighty trumpet-tone of time.

—ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

The Death of Lincoln.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the language of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

—BRYANT, 1865.

Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech has been much and justly admired. But far greater as well as far more characteristic was that inaugural in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die.

—John Hay.

Second Inaugural.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated the war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude and duration which it has attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been fully answered. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still

it must be said, "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

March 4th, 1865.

O, Captain! My Captain!

O, Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exalting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But, O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle thrills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Hear, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I will mournful tread,
Walk the deck where my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Commemoration Ode.

Such was he, our Martyr-chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head.
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-world moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth.
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, not lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind.
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf or Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was the type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not, it were too late;

And some innate weakness there must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the present gives, and cannot wait
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he;
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.
 Great captains with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, forseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Notable Men and Women Born in 1809.

1. Edgar Allan Poe	January 19th
2. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy	February 3rd
3. Abraham Lincoln	February 12th
4. Charles Darwin	February 12th
5. Frederick Chopin	March 1st
6. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning	March 6th
7. Alfred Tennyson	August 6th
8. Oliver Wendell Holmes	August 29th
9. Frances Anne Kemble	November 27th
10. William Ewart Gladstone	December 29th

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